every time I referred to them they served as a reminder to do more. They inspired me. Adam noticed my clipboard and observed that I seemed really enthusiastic about the job. The manager noticed it too. She was surprised to see that I was still carrying "that thing" around.

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I made notes during that first training shift with Babs. On reviewing them now I realize that Babs had backslid from them quite a bit herself, even in the brief time I was there. Before I would have thought that such things as rules, guidelines, routines, and procedures would have been dearly loved and religiously followed by anal women like Babs. Now I realize that they usually stand in their way.

The very first thing I was supposed to do was "come in a few minutes early for shift change." That meant coming in every night at a quarter to midnight. Babs never came in early, mainly because she hated Gladys, the woman she usually relieved. She sat till the last minute in the Coffee Time, nursing her hot chocolate and plucking her eyebrows, or she did a Lilly Marlene act, waiting where Gladys could see her, under the streetlight on the corner, till it was exactly midnight. She hated the idea of working a few minutes extra for Gladys, even if it was really for the House. She preferred to make Gladys stay late. Gladys hated her for that, and often left her with a mess in the "meds" drawer. They were